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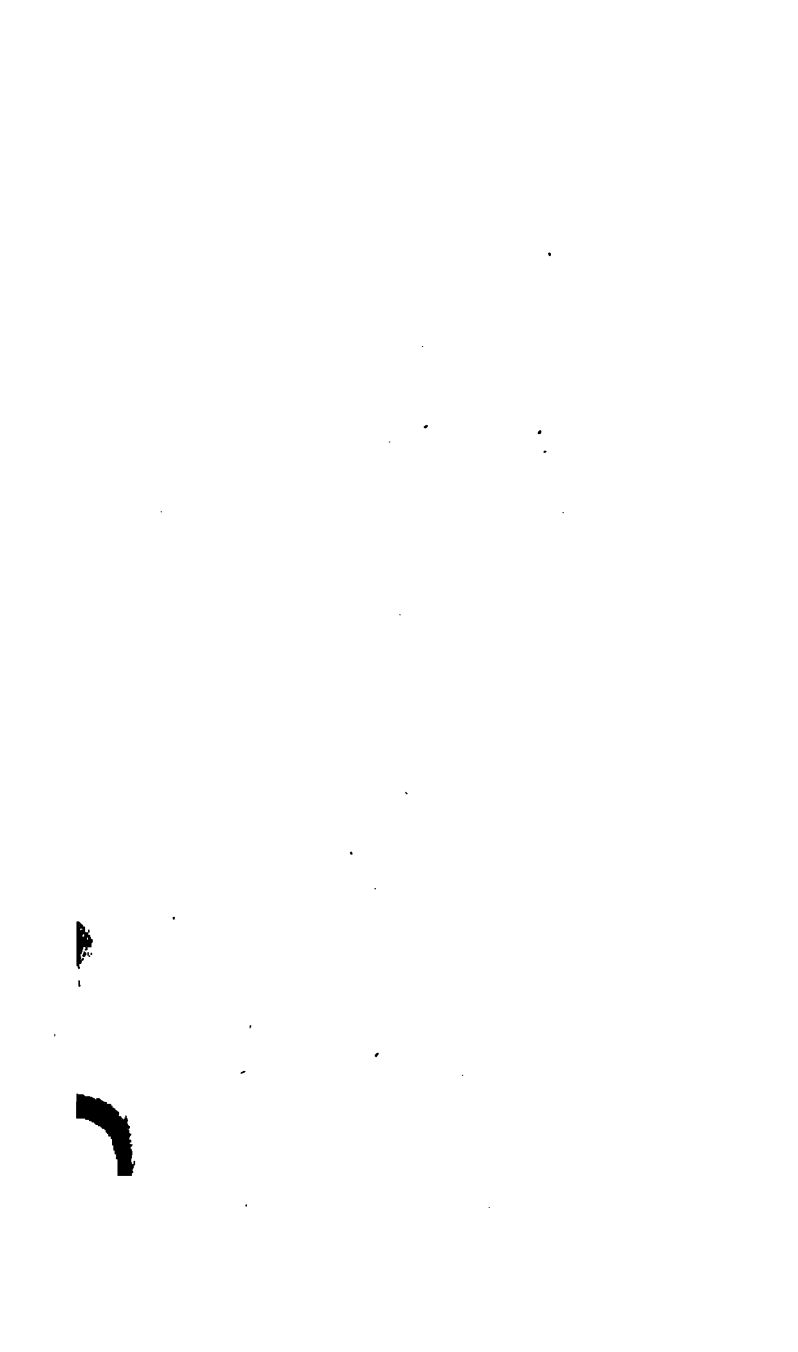
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NOTES
ON
CORNWALL
AND
NORTH DEVON

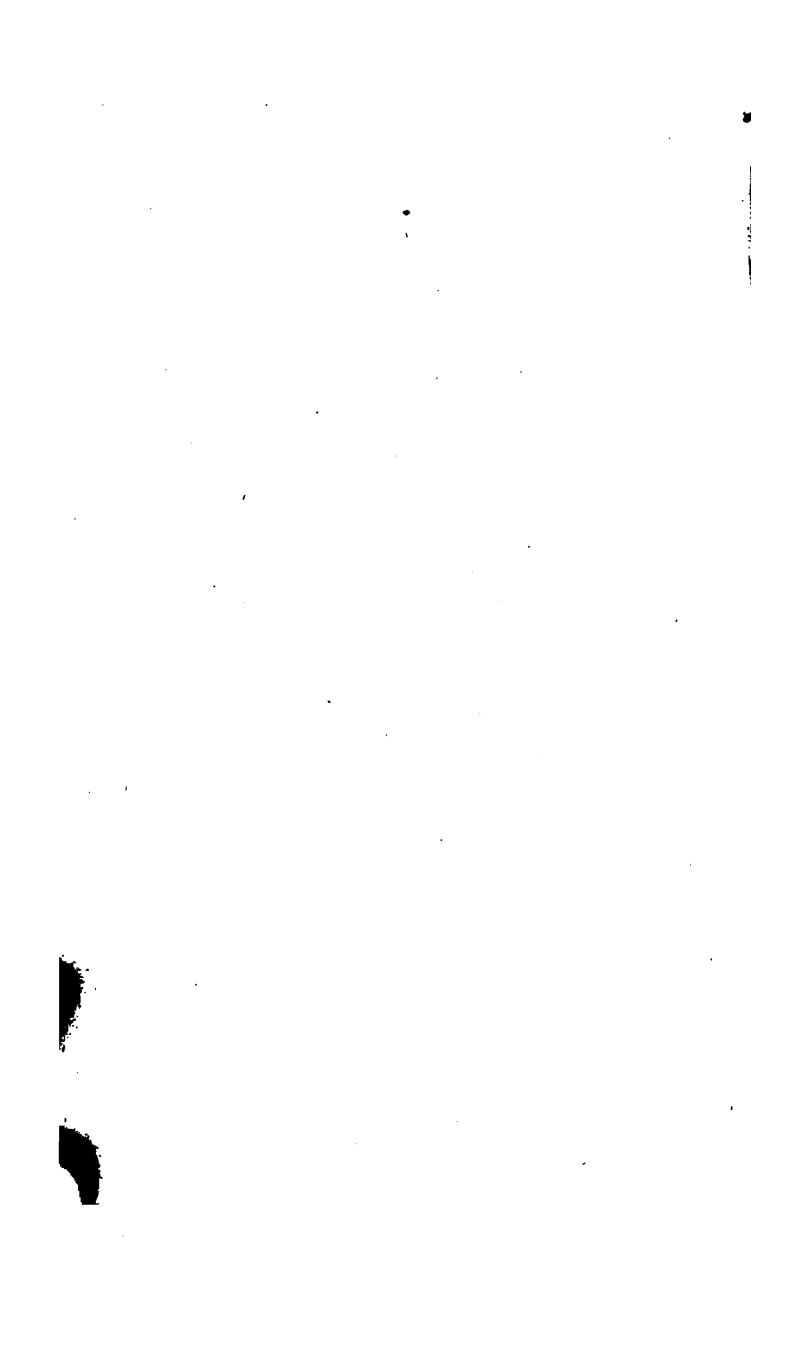




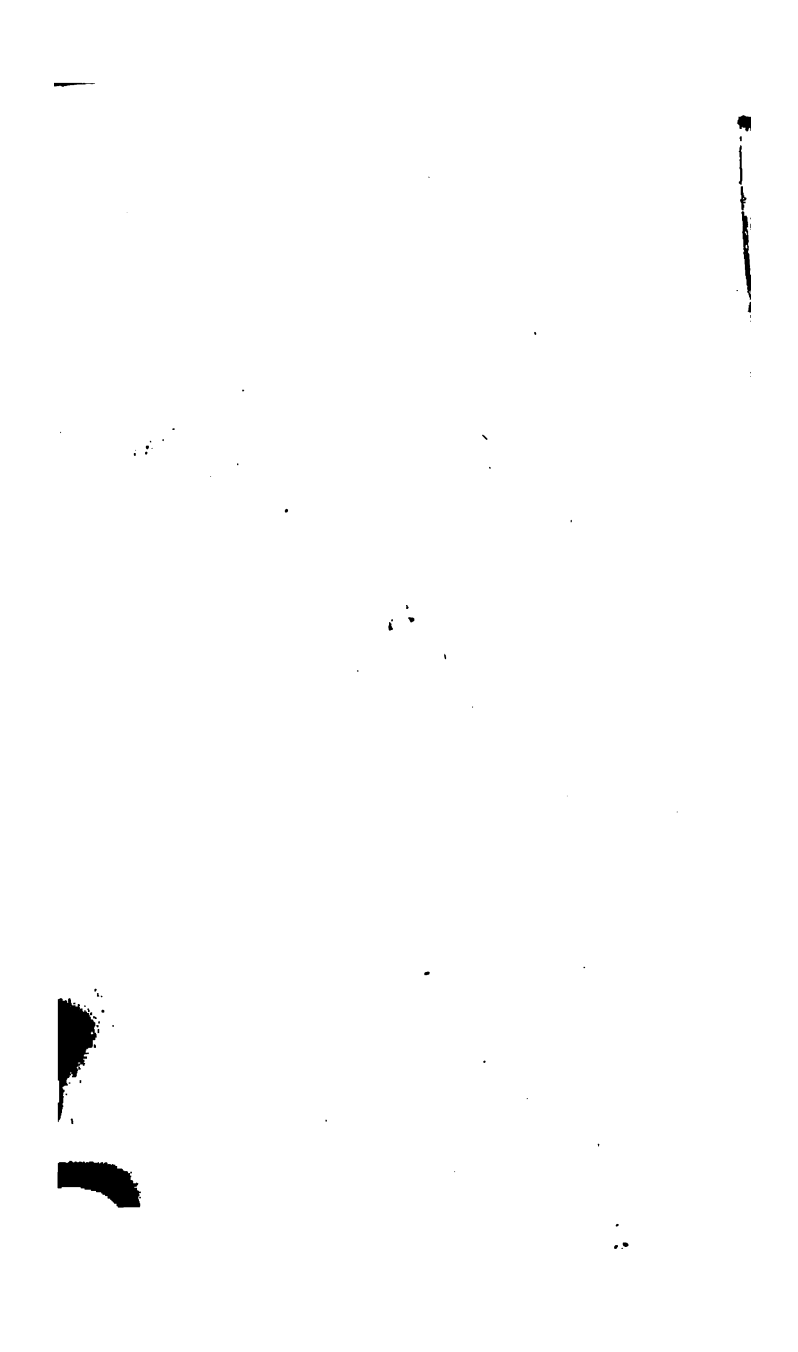
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Notes
on
Cornwall and North Devon.



NOTES
ON
CORNWALL
AND
NORTH DEVON.

Rhyming Records of Recent Rambles.

BY
JOHN SMYTH,

AUTHOR OF "OVER THE BORDER,"
ETC., ETC.

ROYSTON: JOHN WARREN. AUG '78.
HITCHIN: PATERNOSTER AND HALES.

—
M.DCCC.LXXVII.

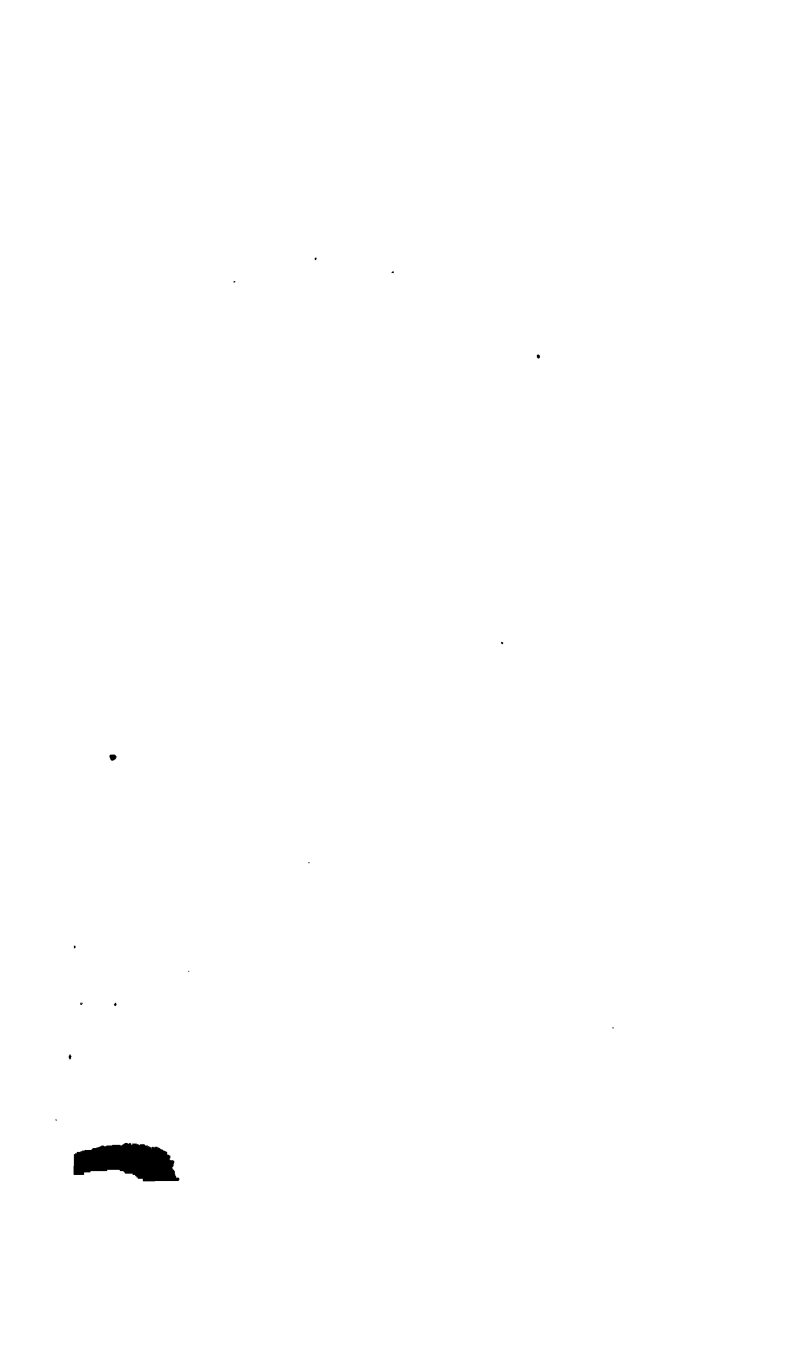


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ROYSTON PRESS: JOHN WARREN.

The waies through which my weary steps I guyde,
(In this researche of fair reality,)
Are so exceeding riche, and long, and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variete,
Of all that pleasant is, to ear or eye,
That I, enchanted with rare thought's delight,
My tedious travel quite forget thereby,
And when I 'gin to feel decay of might
It strength to me supplies, and cheers my dulled spright.

SPENSER'S *Fairie Queen*.





Dedication.

TO all true Tourists, who desire to see
The beauties of "Old England's" scenery;
Also, to those whom "fashion" makes habitual
Slaves of those "Popish" forms term'd Ritual:
Trusting the *former* will think more
Of beauties stretch'd around their door,
Ere yet they seek a foreign shore—
Trusting, also, the *latter* will think less
Of rotten, ritualistic, righteousness.
If not—that *openly* to Rome they'll press;
Old England's Church, thus purged from *Popish*
leaven,
Will stand forth—*pure in faith*—The Gate of
Heaven !

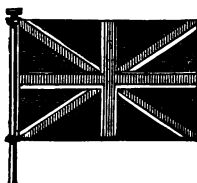


Prologue.

THROUGH the long vista of departed years,
Chequer'd by smiles, oft dimm'd by tears,
As memory recalls each cherish'd scene,
From youth to middle age—there intervene
Thoughts of a pleasant tour in early days,
And on fair Devon I seem once more to gaze.

By Tamar's placid stream, and that sweet strand
Which marks the utmost bound of Cornish land,
Mount Edgcumbe call'd—There! there! in days of
yore
Arose an earnest longing to see more
Of scenery so beautiful, so grand,
So wrapt in mystery; for as yet the band
Of railway pioneers Old Cornwall had not scann'd,
And it remained for future days to tell
Of the Albert Bridge—that chef-d'œuvre of Brunel.

Still lives this longing as years onward roll,
And, true as needle to the Pole,
Hoisting my pennon I at length set sail,
Regardless of the threat'ning gale,
To explore the latitudes of Cornwall and North
 Devon,
Midst scenery wild and grand, and sweet as Heaven;
And as my lips are press'd to Nature's chalice,
I "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,"
My bearings taking, like an old sea dog,
And daily noting facts upon "The Log."



The Log.

Skip's name "The Doggerel Ditty."
Sailed September 8th, 1876.
Time of sailing Five bells—Forenoon watch.
From The Valley of Ringdale.
 " Latitude 52. 0 N.
 " Longitude 0. 11 W.
Destination The Severn Sea.
Ship's course W.
Wind S.S.W. b. W.
Weather Dry and "muggy."
Thermometer 68 Fahrenheit.
Barometer 29. 59.

FROM the entries made in "The Log," you'll find,
 Our course lay near the eye of the wind,
And then the record goes on to relate
Our near approach to "Bass's Strait,"

The weather being "muggy"—thermometer sixty-eight—

Thence out of the bustle, whirl and whir,
We anchor cast at Exeter,
Where at half-past six the express train slips in,
"The Flying Dutchman" quite eclipsin',
Having left the terminus, Waterloo,
At fifteen minutes after two,
Passing a pleasant country through.

We found good quarters at "The Queen's,"
And in the morning left, "for other scenes
And pastures new."

But, ere we mounted the iron horse,
Saw the Cathedral, and the Reredos
'Bout which they've made a mighty pothor
First in one law court, and then another,
Thus giving the Ritualistic mission
Throughout the diocese full recognition.

By rail from Exeter we westward go
Through the pastoral valley of the Yeo,
Then shortly after, west by nor',
By the wooded gorges of the Taw.

Through groves of dwark oak, beech and maple,
And meadows green, we reach Barnstaple,
Whence, our railway journey being o'er,
We start for Lynton in a coach and four :
The hills were very steep—one regular "caulker"
Changing my name from "Rider" to "Walker."

We reach'd our destination at nightfall;
The train being late caused this mischance—
Some scenery we could not see at all,
Nor tell the coast of Wales from coast of France.
From Lynton to Ilfracombe we must go back.
For several miles upon our previous track,
Then we will strive to wipe out this reproach
By taking the "back" seats upon the coach,
And thus in spite of fate we'll see
The wooded glens and Cymric scenery.

We grace the Castle Hotel—*table d'hôte*
At eight o'clock I briefly note,
And find ourselves so much at home,
That at present we care no further to roam.
Ritualism and "Diner à la Russe"
Have always somewhat "stuck in my throat ;"

The first I still emphatically "cuss,"
The last incline to at a "table d'hôte,"
For tourists have no choice; therefore, "so mote
It be"—our safeguard against starving
Being in a "willing waiter" and "good carving."

On Sunday morn, through winding paths we loiter,
And, after a rattling hill top ramble,
The charming river scenery then reconnoitre,
Including the beach in our preamble,
And *table d'hôte* at five—rather a scramble,
Fearing we should be left quite in the lurch,
And like some pious folks, be late for church,
Who more than lagging school-boys need the birch,
Although they're very good by their own showing:
No matter—"I DESERVE THE BIRCH FOR GOING."

Dark are thy ways, O Rome! thy minions do not
falter,
But give us twenty candles on the altar;
Processions, bowings, jingling music, draping,
In short, 'tis evident, that Rome they're aping,
Making every new concession
A step towards "Auricular Confession,"



Thus cursing families with their priestly leaven,
And placing toll-gates on the road to Heaven.
Fathers of families, act like men,
And spurn these rogues "*with a heave offering*;"
Then cow'ring, like whipt' curs, no more
They'll dare to desecrate your door;
Your wives and daughters will then guarded be,
From "The Confessional" and "*its immorality*."

Hark ye! base Jesuits, where'er ye be,
The road to Heaven shall be kept free,
Or we'll attack your toll-gates, as did "Rebecca,"
And send the keepers "howling to their place," say
"Mecca."

A winking Madonna is a curse,
But a winking Bishop is ten times worse,
Who, when he ceases to do his duty,
Is not worthy to loose a shoe-tie.
Be honest, ye Bishops! no finesse!
"Or I'll unfrock you"—said good Queen Bess.
This might be plainer put, in accents ruder,
But I'm content to quote the "Royal Tudor,"

Thus deeply branding before High Heaven
The "Popish practices" I saw in Devon.

On Monday morning the Welsh coast
Stood out; 'twas reckon'd far too clear
For pleasant weather, and 'twas prophesied
That probably our patience would be tried.
But we'd a pleasant walk, bread, cheese, and beer,
With sunshine, or a slight Scotch mist at most;
We had the loveliest stroll I e'er enjoyed
Within the wooded gorge of wild East Lyn:
It was indeed a glorious treat
To scan the grand glens, at "The Waters Meet."
Woods, rocks, and ferns, the rushing streamlet's din,
A day to be remember'd—unalloyed
By carking cares—one could but feel content
If in this lovely spot one's life were spent.

Yet stay! there's other pleasure to the fore
The soul to gladden, and the heart to cheer.
To-morrow morn we start for bleak Exmoor,
To see the "Staghounds" chase the wild red deer;
The excursion making in a carriage and pair,
Our party graced by a keen huntress fair.

Bleak Exmoor having crossed
We met the hounds, a noble pack!
Proceeding to The Meet.
Their gallant master, weighing full twenty stone
Came thundering on!
A devil of a fellow "up a lane!"
The Stag is harboured in the hanging wood!
The tufter's deep toned challenges resound!
See! see! the flying stag crosses the vale
A warrantable deer, with all "his rights,"
And the full chorus of the eager pack
Proclaims the chace is up!
The horn re-echoes through the wooded dale
And gallant riders rashly rush,
Towards wide flung gates—regardless of results.
Thus far I'd written, and ne'er check'd until,
The pack at fault, I reined in "Somerville."

Observe that gallant grey, going full pelt, O!
He surely is a scion of "Katerfelto,"
Who, here careered o'er coombe and hill
As graphically told by "Whyte Melville,"
When the gallant stag so staunch and fleet
Was pulled down at "The Waters Meet."



Reluctantly—relinquishing the chace,
Our route to Lynton we retrace,
And in the evening from a sportsman hear
That, after a fair run, they lost the deer.
The fisherman enjoys his sport,
The yachtsman loves to hoist his bunting,
Men by maiden's wiles are caught,
And sportsmen like a bit of hunting,
Some fair votaries of Diana
Can do all this in a surpassing manner.

We explore in the morning "The Valley of Rocks,"
And at "three bells" by Lynton clocks
The luggage stow—the anchor weigh
(As a Jack tar would surely say),
And, taking berths in a four-horse break,
To Ilfracombe a voyage make.
At Parracombe was our first tack,
Where we saw a notice "in white and black"—
Its purport—Odams' Manure—if you want some
Apply to John Smyth, Parracombe.
Resolved:—"That The Royston Manure Company" do
 Appoint John Smyth, their agent too :
 Who will get more recompence for his pains,

Than his namesake as a Director gains.
And thus the natives may secure
The best Nitrogenous Manure.

Steering by Combe Martin, through vale and over fell,
We anchored at "The Ilfracombe Hotel ;"
Paid off the crew—abandoned the craft—
Then cruised round Ilfracombe fore and aft.
And to give you all by rote,
At five bells, dog watch, joined the "table d'hôte."
The purser did his duty, viands plenty,
The guests—about a hundred and twenty.
Then, after sundry grogs and harmless mirth,
Being off duty—I sought my berth.

Having seen, during our cruise,
All that Ilfracombe could give to amuse,
And fearing luxury might make us lazy
We started at 6 a.m. and took it "aisy."
Going by train to Barnstaple at 6'45,
Where we breakfast as soon as we arrive,
At "The Golden Lion" safely moor'd ;
Thence on by train to Bideford,
Arriving there at 9'45,

Leaving Barnstaple all alive,
Enjoying its annual carnival
The pleasure fair for Jack and Sal.
At Bideford—out of the *mêlée*
We hired a trap on to Clovelly,
Leaving our luggage—"without fail"
To be forwarded by "The Mail."
To Clovelly Cross—*en route* for Bude,
To which I'll presently allude.

The scenery round Bideford doth glow
In the charming pages of "Westward Ho!"
Written in Canon Kingsley's vivid style,
In which you "see" the landscape smile,
And read, portrayed by a master's hand,
Of the deeds of heroes in the land,
Of Patriotic Devon—whose manhood,
Traitors at home, and foes abroad, withstood.
Enough!—Go! honest reader, go!
And revel in the wonders of "Westward Ho."
Mark! How the Rose of Torridge was wooed and
won!
Mark too! each doughty deed of daring done!
Mark Drake! who, towards the setting sun,

Boldly steering, first around the world
Old England's Flag with honest pride unfurled !
Mark ! his return in triumph to Devon's shore,
Laden with Spanish Gold—the spoils of war !
Mark him ! yet later, humbling Spanish pride,
And scattering " The Armada " far and wide.
Till, steering in terror, for the northern coast,
Encountering fearful storms, the fugitives are lost—
Starved, tempest tost, and shatter'd, few regain
The sheltering havens of priest-ridden Spain.

Clovelly's steep and stairlike street
Affords the tourists quite a treat,
And through the world he'd vainly seek
Its fellow—it is quite unique :
To picture it I am unable
In words—'tis indescribable.
The approach to this industrious hive
Is by " The Hobby " road, a splendid drive,
Cut zigzag through the woods, and rocky steeps
Through which you ever and anon have peeps
Of wondrous beauty—gorge and stream and silv'ry
strand,
Whilst in mid-ocean—looms Lundy Island.

Leaving your carriage at Clovelly Court,
You "stairing" go—down to the little port,
At which, when you have "stared" with might and
main,

You turn about, and then "stair" back again.
This is bewildering, but I cannot tell 'ee
Any more about Clovelly ;
Except that we saw sights which made us grin,
Adventures had with queer Clovelly tykes,
And after lunching at the quaint "New Inn"
Proceeded to inspect Clovelly Dykes.
Entrenchments strong—of ancient origin
And legendary fame, which he believes who likes.
After a stroll o'er rampart, vallum, and fosse,
We meet "The Flying Dutchman" at "The Cross,"
Change horses at "West Country Inn," a hostel rude,
And passing Stratton, rattle on to Bude.

Bude is a very quiet place,
Of picturesque scenery scarce a trace ;
The hills (an idiom) covered with fields,
Nor Tor, nor Waterfall, its charms reveals ;
The country is, in fact, given up to tillage,
And Bude is but a better sort of village.

With Bottreaux's Bells e'er will be,
As through all coming time
They peal forth their warning chime,
"Life's cares and troubles past,
Come to thy God at last."

Many a traveller on life's path hath found
His way obscured by a darksome cloud;
Let such for certain know, Grace doth abound
For contrite hearts! The Infinite doth not shroud
His brightness away! How impious the pretence
Of those who rank themselves above Omniscience,
Pretending that by their "priestly" aid alone
The traveller can for erring steps atone.

'Tis Sunday afternoon, away we press
From "rotten, ritualistic righteousness."
From priestcraft, and each popish prater,
Who places the "creature" over the Creator.
Your pardon, reader, for this digression,
But pray don't think I scorn confession.
I do not, I am free to own,
But mark me! "'tis made to God alone."



And when these "Jesuits" my heart harden,
Humbly confessing it I plead for pardon.

At two o'clock, with luggage all aboard,
We go by mail cart, *via* Camelford—
Call for our letters, and in the evening win
Good quarters at "The Royal Hotel," Bodmin.
The Cornish scenery which pleases most
Is found upon the storm-beat coast;
I do not deem the inland landscape tame,
Yet, from Bude to Bodmin you have the same
Interminable stretch of dale and hill,
With now and again a rippling rill,
But nothing striking, wild, or grand,
Is visible on either hand.
The fields are small, with fences wide and high,
As though invasion they'd defy;
More like ramparts thrown up in battle
Than fences guarding Cornish cattle.

Round Bodmin, and thence to Penzance, the scene
Embraces river, glen, rock, and ravine,
And as the train along the valley glides
The mines are numerous on the wild hill sides,



From Tintagel's Castle Hall
The hero of "The Quest of the Sangraal,"
"Sir Galahad," to his adventure prest
With Knightly pride and tow'ring crest;
But let the Vicar of Morwenstow,
Who here the precedence of Tennyson doth take,
Speak for himself: though in his grave laid low
His "Quest" remains. Thus Merlin spake:

"Ah, haughty England! lady of the wave!"
Thus said pale Merlin to the listening King:
"What is thy glory in the world of stars?
To scorch and slay; to win demoniac fame,
In arts and arms; and then to flash and die.
Thou art the diamond of the demon crown,
Smitten by Michael upon Abarim,
That fell, and glared, an island in the sea.
Ah, native England! wake thine ancient cry:
'Ho! for the Sangraal! vanish'd vase of heaven!
That held, like Christ's own heart, an *hîn* of
blood.'"

"He ceased: and all around was dreamy night.
There stood Tintagel throned, and the great sea

Lay, a strong vassal at his master's gate,
And, like a drunken giant, sobbed in sleep."

'Tis Sabbath morn ! and as we turn to go
We seem to hear the sweet " Bells of Bottreaux,"
Which on their way to Forrabury Tower
Were sunk in ocean ; in an evil hour
The captain of the ship, in rash offence
Ranking his skill above Omnipotence.
A storm arises : down, down, they go,
The ship, the crew, the sweet " Bells of Bottreaux ;"
But when the storm is raging o'er the main
Boscastle people hear the bells again.

" Come to thy God in time,
Peals forth the Ocean chime ;
Come to thy God at last,
Booms o'er the angry blast."

Thus in notes, soft and low,
Sang the Vicar of Morwenstow ;
Life's cares and troubles past,
He's gone to his rest at last.
Blended his memory

Press to Boscastle without delay.
To horse ! to horse ! away ! away !

From the wild and storm-cleft steeps
'Neath which Boscastle Harbour sleeps
We gain the view ! we feel the spell !
Of Arthur-haunted Tintagel,
And give a pilgrim's benison,
Tutor'd by tuneful Tennyson,
Who in the "Idylls of The Kings"
Great Arthur's fame so deftly sings—
That, spell-bound, we are almost able
To see "The Knights of the Round Table,"
Inspired by spirit of Chivalry
In deadly fight to do or die.

Turning our steps towards Crackington,
Along the down, we suddenly come on
Tremendous cliffs, bounding Trevargin Bay,
O'er which a streamlet rushes, turn'd to spray ;
Long ere the strand is reach'd, nor spray, nor stream,
Is visible—'tis vastly like a dream.
Gaze on the dread abyss we scarcely dare,
And starting seem to feel a grim nightmare,

As though we down might suddenly be flung.
If for one moment the nerves should be unstrung.
Steering our homeward way o'er hill and dell
We safely reach "The Wellington Hotel."

Ofttimes the incidents of a tour,
Being past and gone, the frenzy's o'er,
But being lured toward Tintagel
We still are influenced by the spell,
And on the Sabbath morning early rise
To prosecute our enterprise.
From Boscastle Harbour we wend our way
To Bossiney, and thence to Trevalga Bay.
The coast is grand, wild chasms seen are ;
At length we gain the village of Trevina.
And then approach "The Ultimate,"
Where Arthur with his Knights kept regal state :
A mighty rock uprises from the deep
With dizzy paths and precipices steep,
The ruins of Tintagel still may be
Traced on the cliff high o'er the raging sea ;
A narrow way leads to the land,
On either side the Ocean strand,
On this black rugged rocks, on that the silv'ry sand.

The broad Canal we cross, and win
The comfort of the "Falcon Inn,"
Whose sign has for its motto, "Inebranlable,"
A word suggestive of the tower of Babel;
'Tis Cornish, however, and I pen no fable
In giving the translation, "Unconquerable."

The morning light reveals a change of scene,
A heavy rolling sea of brightest green
Breaks 'gainst high cliffs, upon an iron bound coast
Where many a good ship has been wreck'd and lost,
The breakers showing on either hand
Where dangerous reefs project far from the land,
And, in a storm, he is indeed no craven
Who dares to seek the shelter of Bude Haven.
From Hartland Point to Cape Trevose,
Along this wild and rugged coast,
The sailor on no shelter can rely
When tempests rage and seas run high;
The coastguard views with bated breath,
Full many a struggle in these "jaws of death."
Vain, vain, all efforts, on this dread lee shore
The gallant craft goes down, to sail no more.
The storm perchance is lull'd, and morning light

Shows little trace of the dread scenes of night,
Save where upon the rocky strand,
The sea gives up its dead—and wreckage floats to
land.

Along the beach towards the harbour bar
A submerg'd forest lies, and at low tide
The boles of huge oak trees may be espied,
And here also extinct mammalia
Have been discovered — one specimen at The
Falcon

Philosophers have had a deal of talk on,
Opinions widely differing; but, *inter nos*,
A fossilized philosopher is oft a goose,
There's nought surprising therefore, *inter alia*,
In these *savans* accomplishing a failure;
One thing with certainty you may depend on,
Good treatment at "The Falcon" from host
"Brendon."

Hist! Hist! from sadden'd Morwenstow
A whisper seems to come, distinct and low.
Hark! how its murmurs rise and swell.

 horse! to horse! to Tintagel,

Whilst one bold tourist the assertion makes
That the "Logan Stone" is no great "shakes,"
But be this true, or be it not,
It occupies a most romantic spot :
Poised on a granite cliff, storm-worn and gray,
Abruptly tow'ring o'er Porcarnow Bay.
Between the rifted rocks, we view the strand,
And see two boats approach the land.
A line is sent ashore, the beachmen pull it
And land a net full of red mullet ;
As Pat would say, Red Mullet is a "*baste*"
Of excellent flavour, sure there's no mistake,
But at Penzance you'll rarely have a taste,
They strive to put you off with horrid hake,
A coarse fish fried, and cut up like a steak,
And which the manager of "The Queen's Hotel"
Appears to think suits tourists very well.

Occasionally it comes to pass
I aid my eyesight with a glass,
And at morning, night, or noon,
See through a rock as far as any one.
Once saw a pixy, lithe and slim,
(Or thought I did, the glass was dim,)

Without a rag to cover him.
Had I some powerful blue glasses wore
I might perchance have seen some more,
And Cornish witches at their revels
Wildly dancing wi' sons o' Cloutie :
These latter would have appeared blue devils,
Instead of the traditional color sooty.

Black Sambo holds a different notion quite ;
Yah ! massa ! de old debble, him be white,
White beauty but skin deep alone,
De niggers go right through to de bone,
De nigger's color him can't inherit,
For massa, him be but a *sperrit*.
Ranthers the devil kill, some say he 'aint dead,
Others aver—he's not so black as painted :
“ Who shall decide when doctors disagree ? ”
I cannot say—so from the devil flee.

Doubtless you think my style is queer,
The metre uncertain, all sevens and sixes ;
In confidence I state, so pray give ear,
I get it written for me by the Pixies.
I've quite gained over these fairies frisky,

Smith particulars gives, with the utmost precision,
Of the trade with Cornwall in tin by the Phœnician;
The tin trade, I'm told, is just now quite a failure,
The deep mines being drown'd by stream tin from
Australia,

And the bold Cornish miner, who work'd with a will,
Has pack'd up his pickaxe and sailed for Brazil.
Hark back there! my Muse! Robert Hunt is, I trow,
An excellent man for good fellows to know,
And though he has pass'd the meridian I'm told,
With such genial feelings he ne'er can grow old.
To him indebted for much curious knowledge, I
Proffer my thanks, without further apology.

To the Land's End, on Tuesday morn,
We bowl along in a four-horse break;
The weather misty, still we're not forlorn,
But joke and repartee both give and take,
Our vehicle a cross 'twixt waggonette and coach,
As is the rudd between the dace and roach.
This simile to some may prove a sad entangler,
Let such, forthwith, consult an "angler."
Saxon, and "Old Isaak's" disciple, I think,
Will speedily undo the kink.

Our crossbred carriage had a jolting brake,
Internal, and external, thus we'd many a shake.

A pleasing drive, and eke a merry 'un,
O'er furze clad hill, and through sequester'd vale,
Passing the fine church of St. Buryan,
We reach the village inn, and there regale.
A stone cross stands by the churchyard gate,
Inscribed in characters of ancient date ;
Had I been versed in ancient lore, I
Would have essayed to expound its story.
But as I cannot do so with propriety,
Refer you to—the Antiquarian Society,
And putting the drag on my imagination
Pass on to Treen for further exploration.

A mile south-east of the village of Treen
The Logan Rock is to be seen,
And Treryn Dinas, an ancient British Camp ;
So we alight and toward them tramp.
'Twas misty, as I've said before,
And when we gained the rugged shore,
The vapours for a time the view hid,
So we sagely talked about the Druid.



The giantess died, and instantly
The plain was submerged by the sea.
Of his partner's death grim Cormoran did repent
And made the greenstone rock her monument;
To the mainland a causeway then laid he
Which at low water you still may see :
In fact, when St. Aubyn is on the spot
He uses the causeway instead of his yacht.
Old Neptune still holds undisputed sway
O'er the submerged forest called Mount's Bay,
And the greenstone rock you may also see,
Thus proving this legend's veracity.

Robert Hunt, F.R.S., the merriest of souls,
Has some queer tales of giants in "Romances and
Drolls,"
And of his book I am glad to make mention,
For grave readers will find it deserves their attention.
Grave readers, no more ! for sure ever after
They will burst into fits of immoderate laughter ;
Then, as they read on, 'bout mermaids and witches,
Tears down their cheeks rolling, in their sides they'll
have stitches,
As tale succeeds tale, without intermission,

'Bout pixy and fairy, spectre and vision,
Second sight, sorcery, and such like superstition,
 'Bout sinners and saints,
 Such as Ingoldsby paints,
 King Arthur's Round Table,
 And Legend and Fable,
With many more matters, which to note I'm unable,
But, that watchdog Memory, like a thoroughbred
 beagle,
Will again and again unearth old Tregeagle!
A queer sort of a customer, a meddlesome rogue he,
Is what we should call, here down south, an "old
 bogie."

This genial writer, whose fancies so tickle us,
Charmingly chats 'bout Diodorus Siculus,
And dilates in the pleasantest style on each 'ology,
Avoiding the slightest approach to tautology.
Versed in Poetry, Grammarie, and, 'mongst other
 ubiquities,
Being specially strong in Borlase's "Antiquities,"
And likewise in Dr. Smith's "Cassiterides,"
Authors watching o'er Cornwall like lynx-eye'd
 Hesperides.

Yielding tin, lead, copper, and mundic,
The last precipitating arsenic.
On Monday morn we start by early train
From Bodmin Road, and Penzance quickly gain ;
Take up our quarters at "The Queen's Hotel"
Which would suit a hermit uncommonly well,
The fare being meagre—and the place a "*sell*."

We enjoy a sail across Mount's Bay,
Though high the wind and rough the sea,
Pick up a cormorant on the way,
And leaving St. Clement's Isle upon our lee,
Change our tack from port to starboard,
And quickly at St. Michael's Mount are harboured.
A quaint old Castle here is seen,
Its defences certainly not plann'd by Vaubin ;
Since Charles the Second's day I glean
Its owner has been a St. Aubyn.
Leaving the mount, the sea was very rough,
But for our skipper we'd a Jack tar tough ;
After many tacks our point we made,
And safely landed on the Esplanade.

In my young days, the legend ran,
Jack slew the Giant Cormoran,



Who was it seems of some account
And lived upon St. Michael's Mount,
Which then some six miles inland stood—
It's name, "The White Rock in the Wood"—
Whence he could look above the trees
To guard his home from enemies.
And though not equally known to fame,
'Tis said that Cormoran reared the same
With granite from the hill tops brought,
His wife assisting as a good wife ought;
But of the heavy task tiring a bit,
To cheat the giant she used her wit,
And as he soundly slept one day
She saw some greenstone rocks which nearer lay,
And set to work upon them with a will
Instead of toiling further up the hill;
Softly returning with a huge green stone,
The giant's angry eyes upon her shone,
And then she heard in great affright
His angry tones—That's green! I told you white!
And I am truly grieved to state
He forthwith kicked his hapless mate,
When slipping from her trembling hand,
The huge rock rolled upon the strand.

By giving them butter scotch and whisky;
Thus our adventures—mine and S . . . 's
Are transformed into "Fairy Tales."

At the mystic midnight hour,
When "uncannie" things have power,
O'er precipices, pixies peer and peep,
And Cornish witches crown each steep,
Clustering around the Castle Rock
Like crows upon a barley cock—
At the first streak of morning light
Vanish the phantoms of the night,
And Castle Rock and Logan Stone
Shrouded in mist are left alone.

From Treryn Dinas had the day been fine
We should have followed the wild coast line,
By Tol-pedn-penwith and Enys Dodnan;
But heavy mists compel a change of plan.
Thus back to Treen our footsteps trend,
And thence by road to the Land's End.
The country wilder grows, and on before
Stretches a broad expanse of barren moor,
Covered with granite boulders, worn and gray,

And looming, weird like, on this misty day.
Crossing the moor, we hear the sounds
Of breakers on Old Cornwall's western bounds,
Whilst Longships' Lighthouse warning bell
Upon our ears sounds like the knell
Of cherished hopes—hopes cherished truly
Of getting a glimpse of "Ultima Thule."

Hope well nigh dead ! a sudden breeze,
Reveals, midst rolling mists, the mysteries,
Which 'erst we feared by fate's decree
Adversely given—we ne'er should see.
The bell has ceased ; The Lighthouse full in view
Bursts on our gaze, a beacon staunch and true,
Warning bold mariners, 'midst seas unruly,
Of sunken reefs off "Ultima Thule."
Again the heavy mist—again the bell
Peals forth its solemn toll—of hope the knell :
Once more the breeze—and then the sun's bright
rays
Gladden our hearts, as on a scene we gaze
Of stern magnificence, which on the mind
Grows ever—till we seem to find
A kind of glamour cast on all around,

As if the Land's End were enchanted ground,
Whilst moss-grown granite crags on either hand
Are piled on terraces of vast extent,
As though to guard Old England's strand,
With ravelin, tower, and battlement.

In the dim distance, when the sunlight smiles
South west by west, are seen the Scilly Isles.
Tradition states that, ages long ago,
The sea the intermediate space did overflow;
By fishermen e'en now, when low the tide,
Forests and ruined churches are espied
Beneath the waves—in dire duress
The records sad of submerged "Lyoness."
'Twas Lyoness beheld the great Arthurian fight,
As chronicled in "The Idylls of the King,"
When fell great Arthur, and each gallant Knight
Of the Round Table—of which "The Laureate"
sings.

The traitor Mordred also bit the dust,
Meeting in death a retribution just.
I cannot say whether he left any son;
So please inquire of Poet Laureate Tennyson,

And doubtless he will solve the riddle
By writing forthwith another "Idyll."

Time is up ; the post-horn sounds !
Adieu ! Old England's western bounds !
And passing Sennen, by a different track
Towards St. Buryan we go back.
Records of ages past are scattered around,
Pillars, and circles, and crosses abound.
"The Merry Maidens"—upright stones, nineteen,
In a Druidic circle near the road are seen.
"The Drummer" and "The Pipers" next we view,
Where Athelstan the Britons slew,
And reared these pillars, three, to mark the place
Where he subdued the ancient race.
Next comes the sacrificial "Holëd Stone"
Where Druids heard their tortur'd victims groan,
And last, not least, on either hand
Appear the emblems of a Christian land—
The ancient wayside crosses, placed to spur
The pious feelings of the wayfarer.
These records of the past enhance
The pleasures of our journey to Penzance,

And in the coming times, I can say truly,
My thoughts will oft revert to "Ultima Thule."

We ne'er leave our quarters, of course, until
We've summon'd the waiter and called the bill,
Which we ne'er discharge, I shrewdly suspect,
Unless we find the demand correct.
Now at "The Queen's Hotel," Penzance,
The book-keeper seem'd in a sort of trance,
Or of kleptomania had a touch,
For clearly we were charg'd too much;
Her powers had taken too wide a range,
The addition was faulty, the items strange,
And, in a young person, trained at "The Bar,"
Such "lâches" inexcusable are.

I observed to the barmaid: This is rather lax!
When "Wenus" went into an awful "wax."
'Twas perfectly useless, 'twas all in vain!
So "Wenus" was presently on the "wane,"
But she would, had she dared, have given me smacks,
For daring thus rashly the bill to tax.
I wished her good day, in sad surprise,
But I'm haunted still by those angry eyes,

And a tear for the Coves that I leave fills my eye.
Farewell, O ye Rocks; and, ye Seagulls, adieu!
But it's 'Au revoir!' Pilchards, I utter to you.
Farewell, honest Richards, and when dawns the
morn,

O play, I beseech thee, sad notes on thy horn.
Blow dissonant chords, that the people may know,
Philander has gone, and thy spirits are low.
Blow out, I beseech thee, weird sounds to the gale,
Until all the visitors' visages pale;
And then, as thou startest thy team for Land's End,
Jovial notes from thy post horn once more thou
shalt send!

Till not e'en a wrinkle or whelk, but shall know
That Smiff will be back in a season or so!"

'Tis curious that we, like "Smiff," should advance
From the "Queen's Hotel" to the Coves of Kynance;
More curious still, that each should have written
Of the wayward humours of a captious kitten.
Some kittens very amusing are,
Frisking about behind the bar
With aspiring youths who fain would be
Deemed witty, and apt at repartée.

These sucking Solons oft meet their match
In playful kittens up to the "scratch,"
And I must say, assuredly, that
Puppies teasing such kittens deserve the cat
Of nine tails—and, to check such philanderin',
The same sauce I'd serve both goose and gander in.

We pass through the principal streets of Penzance,
Call for letters, and then advance
Along the sea coast through Marazion,
And quickly thence to Helston hie on.
Somewhere near Penzance Town Hall
We saw the "Cornish Arms" upon a wall,
Which, in popular parlance, the natives call
Fifteen balls, "One and all."
And in this case, I've reason to think
'Twas the sign of a Cornish "Kiddle-a-wink;"
But heraldry, differing from these peasants,
Gives the "Arms"—"A shield proper, with fifteen
 besants;"
The besant, a gold coin, value fifteen pounds, 'tis
 hinted,
In early days was at Byzantium minted,
But why adopted as "The Arms" I cannot say,



Unless in an emblematical way,
The Cornishmen being proud of their "tin,"
Placed these gold coins the shield within.
On this question which puzzles the antiquary,
To give an opinion I'm very chary,
Neither do I presume to brag
'Bout the origin of "The Lamb and Flag,"
Which marks the ancient Stannary tin.
Besides some folks don't care a pin
For records of those ancient times,
Occasionally touched on in these rhymes;
Preferring, 'tis a fact, I cannot blink,
A *table d'hôte* at a "Kiddle-a-wink"
To the researches of the antiquary
With which I strive my tale to vary.

There's a quaint little distich comes under my ken—

By Tre, Pol, and Pen,

You'll know Cornishmen.

As upon a similar plan

Mac or O marks the Irishman :

"By Mac or O you always know

True Irishmen, they say,

But if they lack both O and Mac

No Irishmen are they."

Thus Trelawney, Polwhele, and Pendragon,
Are names that Cornish folks specially brag on :
" And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen ? and shall
Trelawney die ?
Thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason
why."

The refrain of the song of "The Western Men,"
'Tis the patriot cry of Tre, Pol, Pen,
From Hamoaze to the "Severn Sea,"
And while time lasts will ever be.

At Helston alighting at "The Angel,"
We think with a smile of our late "estrangel,"
The landlady courteous, cheerful, and kind,
Takes charge of the luggage we leave behind ;
As we take coach places for "The Lizard,"
But ere we start there is a fizz heard,
From bottled cider and aerated waters,
Supplied to thirsty souls in various quarters,
And curious corks with foreign brand on
Hint a suspicion of "Moet et Chandon."

The post-horn sounds, the horses prance,
Dash through Helston, en route to Kynance,

And thus commences a pleasant ride,
The "wide waste of waters" on either side
Being visible now and agen
As we crest the hill, or thread the glen,
Or valley rather, (I don't like overstating,)
The scenery being, not grand, but undulating.
As we advance the seaward view extends
And gorse-clad heath its golden beauty lends,
To brighten the landscape wild, around
The southernmost point of English ground :
He must indeed be hard to please, who'd grumble
At nature's panorama near "The Bumble."

The Caves of Kynance are fair to view,
The Coves of Kynance are beautiful too,
Whilst soft as the dawn, and bright as the day,
Were the maidens who frolick'd in Tiddy Bay.
O! to see them climb o'er the Steeple Rocks
In the neatest of ancles, and shortest of frocks,
Knowing full well that the scramble, a rash'un,
Could not be achieved by the votaries of fashion.
Laughing and shouting in innocent glee
'Twas a sight to tempt even Saint Anthony,
Who I'm morally certain, to speak by the book,



Could but have chosen to take one look,
And having so done, for ever and aye
Would have shifted his quarters to Tiddy Bay.

Now a girl with a tail would look very grand,
And much like a mermaid pacing the strand
In a tight fitting dress, of fashion the pink,
The acknowledged style of the skating rink;
But as "she rolled" by the lone, lone sea,
She never would tempt Saint Anthony,
To give one glance, as sedate and grave
He pored o'er his book in Kynance Cave.

Cornwall in legends is so rife,
That every day of the tourist's life
Is haunted by tales of grammarie,
As from the following lines you'll see.
Thus runs the legend—In days of old
Saint Dunstan was a worker in gold,
Of exquisite skill—placing no reliance
On a new fangled notion, "The Goldworkers'
Alliance;"
Scorning the aid of "Auld Hornie"
And limited liability,



This angered the wily enslaver of men,
Who strove, 'tis said, agen and agen,
Letting no opportunity slip
To force on Saint Dunstan a partnership;
But the Saint still quietly worked at his fire,
Thus kindling the devil's wrath and ire,
Till at length tormented beyond endurance
Saint Dunstan thus punished the fiend's assurance.
I proceed now to quote from the Saint's legend,
On whose veracity you may depend.
"Saint Dunstan," as the story goes,
"Once took the Devil by the nose
With red hot tongs, which made him roar,
That he was heard three miles and more."

Visitors to this lovely shore,
Credulous, easy going fellows,
Above the sounding billows roar,
Distinctly hear "The Devil's Bellows,"
Who, I presume, is imprisoned the while
Beneath the rock called "Asparagus Isle."
Go, see for yourselves, and I'll wager a penny
You'll find this legend as true as many

Veracious tales of the days of yore,
Still lingering around this classic shore.

If Saint Dunstan in Cornwall his bread sought to
win,
Gold being scarce, he'd perhaps take to "tin";
He'd not mix them, for certain, the honest old boy,
As some goldsmiths do—he'd scorn such alloy—
And still strive his utmost all evil to burk
By turning out nothing but good honest work.
This notion those goldsmiths doubtless will stare at,
Who vend aluminium—styled eighteen carat.
Hark to Saint Dunstan!—Ho! Ho! what a lark,
Old Nick's joined the firm!!!—Look at the mark!!!
So ladies, the wedding ring, as gaily you fit it,
Believing it gold—See that you get it!
And then, if you've captured a broth of a boy,
May your future be golden, and free from alloy.

But really, my Muse very badly behaves,
Beguiled by these Coves—she's forgotten the Caves,
The wild jutting crags, and the bright silver sand,
Where huge crested billows encroach on the strand;
For the tides at the flood, and the breakers are seen

Here lashed into foam ! there, an emerald green !
Along Penreath Beach to "The Man of War Rocks,"
The scene is so grand, my poor efforts it mocks
To describe it ; so now for a word 'bout the rocks.

But I'm again " at sea"—Ah me !
For I know naught of geology,
The cliffs of broken and rugged form,
As if splintered by wave and storm,
Are scored throughout with colours bright,
The hornblende, serpentine, and malachite,
Whilst veins of "steatite" appear,
Nor granite rock, nor slate is here.
Black, white, red, gray, combined with green,
In ever varying order seen,
And o'er the moor a heather blows
Which on the "serpentine" only grows,
With petals of the purest white—
Its botanical name—now I'm floor'd quite ;
And forced reluctantly to give in,
My laggard steps turn towards the inn,
And casting lingering glances towards the south
Return to Helston—thence on to Falmouth.

Dashing once more
From the "Angel" door,
At a rattling gallop, through Helston town,
We reach Penryn,
Passing mines of tin,
And granite quarries of great renown.

I've but little to say
Of the route—but I may
Observe our companions were cheerful and gay ;
Tale and laugh,
Joke and chaff,
Enlivening our journey the whole of the way.

Daylight waned fast,
As through Penryn we pass'd ;
But the drive to Falmouth must charming be,
For often one sees
Through breaks in the trees
The dancing waves of the estuary.

At some future day,
When passing this way,
To travel by daylight, 'twill be as well ;



Of the charms of the Bay
I shall then be *en fait*—
But hold! here we are at "The Green Bank Hotel."

On revisiting *Fal*—
—~~mouth~~ Harbour I shall
Once more make my home at pleasant "Green Bank,"
Being well entertain'd,
Whilst here I remain'd,
By hostess and daughters, so fair and so frank.

By the merry post-horn
Aroused in the morn,
As the tide 'twixt Green Bank and Flushing is
flowing,
Hailing a boat
We are quickly afloat,
And gaily across Falmouth Harbour are rowing.

Flags of all nations
Here take up their stations,
The Harbour being broad, and the anchorage good;
Here our ironclads might ride
Safely, spite of wind or tide,
If only their management were better understood.

Whilst Russia's gloating o'er
Turkey's internecine war,
Our Prince commands "The Sultan" in Besika Bay,
And heedless of "The Czar,"
His "peace-loving" papa,
Is prepared to "do his duty," in Old Nelson's
glorious way.

Then let the Czar beware,
For should he ever dare
To send his fleet, in anger, to "The Golden Horn,"
Our Retribution true,
And Devastation too,
Will teach him that the insult "will not be tamely
borne."

Bulgarian "atrocities" perforce,
Traitors have made a stalking horse
To paralyze our power, for their base and selfish ends;
But now they've done their worst,
Public feeling is reversed,
And its firm support to "Derby's foreign policy
extends."

Britons never will be slaves,
Whilst Britannia rules the waves,
Regardless of the traitors who lurk within her camp;
Then let Bright and Gladstone too,
With all their trait'rous crew,
Leave England, for Old England's good, and off to
Russia tramp.

"The Vanguard" and "The Captain,"
Davys' locker wrapped in,
Have given us a scare, which to greater caution
tends;
And whilst upon the ocean
To be A 1 we've a notion,
God shield us from our enemies! "*God save us from
false friends*"!

Pendennis Castle crowning the steeps,
'Neath which the inner harbour sleeps,
And Fort St. Mawer on the opposite side,
Positions strongly fortified,
Reared in the reign of bluff King Hal,
To guard the harbour of the Fal,
Bristle with "Armstrongs," whose cross fire

The narrow straits securely guard,
Ready to deal destruction dire
On foes who'd break through watch and ward.

A jutting point, Saint Anthony's Head,
With its lighthouse, near the bar see we,
Cheering mariners sore be-sted
By the dangers of the raging sea,
Warned by the friendly light they cross the bar,
Pass "The Black Rock," then safe in harbour are.

Landing upon the rocky shore
Beneath Pendennis' Castle walls,
And rambling the ramparts o'er
'Mongst the big guns, and cannon balls,
We see some missiles, a curious lot,
Which we conclude are "Palliser" shot.
We might have asked a "son of a gun,"
Who, perhaps, would have "lied like truth" for
fun,

And crammed us with crams, had we been willing,
Like a couple of simples, to give him a shilling.
Or, he might have been surly as a he-bear,

Or a soft sort of chap of no mental calibre :

So we're "*As you were before you was,*"
But we saw the missiles—of that I'm pos'.

Regaining our bark, we cross to St. Mawer,
At the head of a picturesque arm of the sea,
Running inland some three miles or four,
Or, as Scotchmen say—a bittock and three,
And leisurely strolling along the shore
Discuss brown stout, and increase our store
Of pleasant knowledge by playful banter,
But hold hard! my muse is off in a canter,
And sure I've no command of "he"
As the Irishman said with naïveté.
This same Pat was watching the turn of the tide,
Which to describe in rhyme he tried
In the following couplet, where you may see
The tide ebb and flow, quite "illigantly:"
"Observe the say wid solemn roar
"Approach, and lave the dhirthy shore."
Pat's tidal notion is tidy rather,
But we'll not pursue the subject farther,
Lest I with Pat should confounded be,
In "spache" and "stoyle" intirely;
Besides, the gunners at St. Mawer's and Pendennis

Many of them Irishmen is,
And may be in their quiet way
They'd be after pitching me into the "say,"
If they heard themselves, and the old "counthree"
In Sassenach rhyme, treated chaffingly:
So we'll depart, whilst whole skins we're in,
Bidding adieu to these sons of Erin.
Merrily, merrily, over the sea,
Leaving Carrick Roads upon our lee,
We steer for Green Bank, getting back
Just as the tide approaches the slack.

Pat's patois is useful sometimes,
Enabling one in these halting rhymes
Often a sudden thought to express
With rollicking, rhythmical raciness.
Now just pen à stanza, keen critics, and see,
Trusting to Syntax "intirely,"
If you're not presently "up a tree;"
Then, blending *patois* with "Lindley Murray,"
You're down again, and off you scurry
Like a mountain stream in a deuce of a hurry.
Sure! Donnybrooke Fair is the place for *patois*,
There's a "joak" somewhere, ho! ho! haw! haw!

May be there be'ant, but if there be, it
Is very small, so folks wont see it.

In the afternoon, an excursion
By steam boat up the River Fal
To Truro, makes a pleasant diversion,
There being no fear of "mèr de mal,"
Or, "mal de mèr"—how stupid! dear me!
For we are not tossed on the open sea,
But gliding o'er an estuary.
"Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm,"
Unpleasant qualms but rarely overwhelm,
But on life's stormy sea, as we grow older,
Our joys lessen, and our cares grow bolder,
Happy the mortal who's mind has kept tune,
Who's ne'er paid tribute to Care or Neptune.

The silvery reaches of the stream
Are charming as a poet's dream,
Whilst shooting suddenly from the river,
Like arrows sped from Nature's quiver,
Wooded knolls and glens are seen
In varied hues of forest green,
And through the gorge the streamlet plays,



And o'er the scene the sun's bright rays
Spread a resplendent glorious sheen,
As if here reigned "The Fairie Queen."
Leaving the regions of romance
Quickly towards Truro we advance;
Stroll around the pleasant place,
Then to the river our steps retrace,
And crossing the moonlit inland sea
Are charmed by music, song, and glee,
Till safely moored at Falmouth quay.

And so to dinner, though 'tis very late,
"Now, may good digestion wait
On appetite,"—I'm not quoting "Tupper,"
Who oft our pet proclivities doth crupper,
But one, who had no *appetite* for supper,
Macbeth! who seeing murdered Banquo's ghost
Uprising at the banquet—Reason lost,
And appetite. We have good appetites, and reason
To remember "Green Bank," with everything in
season,

Yes, everything,—course followed course,
Red mullet served with penguin sauce,
For the little maid on us attendin'

In dress and form looked like a penguin ;
And really although it may seem absurd,
The maid reminded me of that bird.

One parting glance o'er Falmouth Bay,
And then to Plymouth we take our way
By rail through pleasant scenery,
Reaching Harvey's Hotel soon after three,
And after strolling around "The Hoe"
We dine, and to the Theatre go—
A judicious blending of fact and fiction
Gives zest to both—that's my conviction ;
And as a Tourist I visit the "*Theatyr*,"
To see the mirror held up to "Natur."

Quick ! quick ! lose not a second,
Enjoy life while ye may,
For time the churl hath beckoned,
And we must away ! away !
I'll do as advised in the merry old song,
For to strive to be happy cannot be wrong,
And I've solace found, full many a time
In carolling forth the ancient rhyme,

“For whether we’re ‘no where’ or whether ‘we’re
first’

Grim death will be found at the end of the burst.”

Being thus advised to make much of each day,

To Mount Edgcumbe an early visit we pay ;

The weather being fine as well might be

For enjoying the charming scenery.

And as from point to point we stray

We have beautiful vistas in every quarter,

Hamoaze, Devonport, Millbay,

The Mewstone Rock and The Breakwater,

Whilst batteries bristle all around

The lovely shores of Plymouth Sound,

Ready with overwhelming might

The foe to crush, should he dare the fight.

And o’er the waste of waters, wild and lone

Rises the far famed Eddystone,

Whose beacon light, seen from afar,

Protects the storm-tost mariner

From dangerous reefs which lie around

The narrow entrance to the Sound.

Mount Edgcumbe is charming ! at every turn
scenery rises to please the eye,



Whilst bounding over rock and fern
The graceful deer pass hurriedly
To gain the quiet glen hard by,
Thence, casting glances timidly
To see if they pursuéd be.

“Behold yon black and battered hulk !
That slumbers o’er the tide,
There is no sound from stem to stern
For peace has plucked her pride ;
Her masts are down, her canvass rent,
She shows nor sheet nor sail,
Nor onward steers before the wind,
Nor answers shout nor hail.
Her merry men with all their mirth
Have sought some distant shore,
And she with all her glory down
Shall rule the world no more.”

“ ’Tis thus landsmen speak—
But lo ! her topmasts are hov’ring in the sky,
Her sails unfurled, her anchor’s weighed,
There sweeps she gallantly :
A thousand sailors fill her decks,

Within her painted sides
Her thunder sleeps, man's might has nought
Can match or mar her pride;
In victory's honour goes she forth,
Her stainless flag flies free,
Kings of the Earth! come and behold!
How Britain rules the sea."

But what this melancholy sight on which we gaze!
Our brave old "wooden walls" in Hamoaze
Lie rotting, sadly, side by side,
Their glories past, their brave crews fled,
No more in conscious power to stem the tide,
No more by gallant hearts to be to Victory led.
Hovering like ghosts upon the dismal shore
"Of abhorred Styx—the flood of human hate,"
Or, to adopt the simile of Moore,
Standing like Peri at the Gate
Of Eden. See! see!—the portal yields,
Crowding all sail, they gain "The Elysian Fields."

Sweet Eden watered is by many a stream,
Which licence gives to this heroic theme.

The "untutored Indian" with rapture bounds
Past Eden's gate "To happy hunting grounds,"



Whilst beauteous forms, with loving eyes,
The Moslem greet in Paradise,
And through all time runs a tradition
Of future happiness and recognition
Of mutual friends, on that blest shore,
Who meeting there shall part no more,
Having in life their duty done,
The battle bravely fought—the Victory won.

The Portal past! Behold in myriads rise
The gallant tars of centuries!

The yards are manned,

The colours flying,

The cannon roaring,

But these outvying

Burst thundering cheers from truck to kelson,
As British Tars salute "Old Nelson"
Surrounded by brave sons of the sea,
On the quarter deck of "The Victory."

Brave sons of England!—ye justly claim
The Hero's meed—undying fame.

Drake! Hawkins! Howard! Frobisher!
Devon's gallant Men of War!



Who humbled the haughty spirit of Spain,
Crushed the Armada—from the Spanish Main,
Swept her rich galleons, and with Flag unfurled
Made England's power felt throughout the world.
Blake and Benbow! Howe and Hood!
Cloudesley Shovel! and Collingwood!
Rodney! Keppel! and Cochrane!
Upheld her prestige on the main,
With Anson! Duncan! Ross! and Jervis!
Heroes all in their country's service,
Commanding crews of brave Jack Tars,
Invincible in England's Wars.

And Franklin from the Arctic shore,
Seeking the secret of the sea,
Destined to return no more,
Yielding his life heroically,
Approaches from the frozen strand
With his brave crew to join the glorious band.

These iron hearts in England's "Wooden Walls,"
Old England's foe both conquers and appals:
So may the iron hearts in "Ironclads" be
Our sure defence until eternity,

And when, in turn, they reach the tranquil shore
They'll worthy comrades be of heroes gone before.

Devonport Dockyard looking in
We saw numerous hands, heard a terrible din,
But I certainly think, and venture to say,
More work might be had for half the pay;
For private enterprise in shipbuilding yards
The honest workman keeps, the indolent discards :
So here's a hint, at any rate,
To the framers of "The Estimate,"
And yet another to "The Admiralty"—
When stores are sold, see that "old stores" they be,
And not sound fittings good as new
By auction squandered on a knavish crew.
If asked, Can such things really be ?
I sternly answer—Yes ! undoubtedly !

'Tis Saturday afternoon—Plymouth adieu !
By railway we depart at six o'clock—
Sweet intercourse with Nature to renew,
Our destination, being Tavistock.
By narrow vales and brawling streams,
O'er which the setting sun casts gleams

Lighting up the dark abyss
Of rocky glen and wilderness,
Till sinking in the glowing west
Night's reign o'er Nature is confest,
The moon at full, o'er wild Dartmoor
Rising illumines the scene once more.
And thus our journey we pursue
Till Tavistock appears in view,
Then, at "The Bedford" by Tavy's stream,
"To bed, to sleep, perchance to dream."

Tavistock's ten bells peal forth their melody,
Said I to myself—dear! dear! ah! well aday!
The morning is wet, but it oft comes to pass,
 Rain before seven
 Clear at eleven.
But where is the wind? and how stands the
 glass?

The wind is o'er Dartmoor, the glass standing
 steady,
A carriage and pair bring, quick! we are ready!
Thus quietly quitting our pleasant abode,

Ere the bell begins tolling
Our carriage is rolling
Through Tavistock Town, on the Launceston high
road.

In meadows so green Devon cattle are grazing,
Though the weather is dull, the sight is quite
"plazing,"
For the green brings the red into bolder relief,
And the rain giving over
We are quickly in clover,
Whilst our tear-drops, if any, like Nature's are brief.

Newton Abbott we reach, and thence go to Endsleigh,
Where a Cottage is seen, near which, Tamar's sweet
bends lie,
For the beautiful Tamar flows 'neath the terraces;
From "The Grotto cell,"
The "Swiss Cottage" as well,
There are charms eno' seen, to excuse hermit's
heresies.

Now if I were a Hermit, in "Bedford's" snug
Cottage,

I could quietly live, from this to my dotage,
And ne'er for one moment, for a town life should
grieve.

 "Tell me where is fancy bred,"
 By the Tamar's rocky bed,
For to live in this cottage would be Heaven—with
an Eve!

But playing the Hermit alone is'nt well,
Without a sweet Eve—e'en Endsleigh were a "sell,"
As by any sane, sensible soul may be seen;
 So the Hermit must needs
 Give up acorns and beads
To picnic by Tamar's tide with "fair Imogene."

I frankly admit, with playful *abandon*,
Lines with too many feet have no leg to stand on,
And at past stanzas, doubtless, some critics will
cavil,
Deeming them stupid and hard to unravel.
Now, as I've said before, I admit all that same,
The stanzas are stupid! are halting! are lame!
And without dash, or flash, they're uncommonly
tame—

Still! for them I am the most abject of pleaders,
Hoping the sentiment may please my fair readers.

To Endsleigh Cottage—as we drew near
The sun burst forth, the skies were clear,
But, Nature resumed her elemental war
As leaving Endsleigh we approached Brent Tor.
Brent Tor abruptly rising from the plain,
Eleven hundred feet above the main,
Is pinnacled by Saint Michael's Church,
An appropriate spot for such a saint to perch,
Who, being all powerful, good, and bold,
Here struggled with Satan for the freehold,
And kicking the Devil to the bottom of the hill,
Hurled after him a rock, which lies there still.

The highest wind I ever saw—
Excuse the bull—was at Brent Tor;
Encountering the tremendous squall
I was nearly blown o'er the churchyard wall,
But rushing to a tombstone, clutched at it,
And thus kept clear of the parapet.
My companion, agile as a cat,
Was prostrate laid, and lost his hat,

Which went, as only hats *can* go,
When urged on by a gale of wind
Into the grassy vale below,
And thus, to ease his troubled mind,
I spoke in tones drowned by the wild wind's whirl—
Dick! you're a great geographer!
Mark well your compass! proper bearings take,
And you'll regain your wide-a-wake;
With conscious power, uprising from the ground,
Dick cleared the parapet at a bound,
And shouting forth a wild hurrah!
Down the steep hill went on his way,
Like arrow from a yew bow shot,
Or staghound on the wild deer's slot,
And when, more leisurely I reach the plain,
The sandwiches finish, and the sherry drain,
"Richard appears—himself again!"
With that quaint wide-a-wake of his
Crowning once more the edifice.

We'd a strange notion, that on the blast
The fiend incarnate must have past,
And this idea impressed the more,
For driven in was the chancel door,

As if he'd striven to look in
In search of his dear children,
In chasuble, dalmatic, alb, and cope,
The secret emissaries of the Pope,
Who is on earth "The Prince of Evil,"
As in the nether world the Devil.
But finding here an honest Divine,
A humble, plain, and holy shrine,
No cassocked priest! no flaunting flummeries!
No crossings! no reredos! no mummeries!
He winged his way with sullen roar
To join his imps on wild Dartmoor,
Proceeding, perhaps, to Prince Town Prison,
To gloat o'er those he claims as his'n.
O! if to Lydford "Old Nick" should roam
He'd equally feel himself at home,
For Lydford Church is *higher* than Brent Tor,
There Jesuits unmasked wage open war:
Yet still Brent Tor, the "highest church" in Devon
In my opinion is much nearer Heaven.

The time will soon draw nigh—is coming on apace,
When Jesuits will, like Judas—"go to their own
place";

For having, at any rate, " plenty of rope"
They'll dangle shortly, (let us hope,)
And then, as in the Dartmoor Prison,
" Old Nick " will carefully look after his'n.

On our way to Lydford Bridge we made
A *detour* to view Lydford Cascade,
And down a wooded gorge we jog,
Our only guide a faithful dog.
Dumb as dogs, all guides should be,
Who pilot the tourist to scenery.
It makes my blood impatient boil
When jabbering fools sweet Nature spoil;
This guide book spouting, ignorant set are
Endured by such as know no better,
From which you may infer, kind reader,
Such apes are worthy of their leader.

The rain has swollen the upland stream,
Which, glistening in the sun's bright beam,
Comes rushing through a rocky rent,
Striking a ledge in its descent :
And making thence another bound,
Down the glen dashes with deafening sound.



Enraptured in this sweet solitude,
With no *crazed cacklers* to intrude
Their jargon on the offended ear,
We explored the beauties far and near
Of the narrow glen, and once more paid
A visit to the fine cascade :
Thence by a wild path, gain'd the ridge,
And onward went to Lydford Bridge.

In a quiet vale, where two glens meet,
The limpid Lyd runs at our feet.
Thence, exploring the glen to its utmost
bounds,
We meet the proprietor of the grounds,
And to his challenge—Where going, Sirs ?
Frankly reply—" We are trespassers,
Having scaled the boundary wall,
No one answering to our call,
At your mansion's entrance gate,
Where for admission we patiently wait."
Quoth he, " There are stated times, you see,
At which to view the scenery,
But as you're here, pray follow me,
And the lowest abyss of 'The Lyd' you'll see."

The stream has gradually worn its way
'Neath beetling crags, far from the light of day,
Rushing 'twixt riven rocks, now seen, now hid,
Foams the fierce torrent of the Lyd,
Returning, beneath the Bridge we ken
The upper part of this charming glen,
Escorted by our courteous guide
From ledge to ledge, above the roaring tide.

Here! shunning the busy haunts of men,
In 'wildering wild and lonesome glen,
As wolf doth through the forest prowl
Lived the King of "The Gubbins"—Roger Rowle.
Chief of a clan of base-born brutes I ken,
Whose hands were turned 'gainst honest men,
As honest men's 'gainst theirs;
Who lived by robbery and wrong,
Herding like swine these glens among,
The bridal vow, nor said, nor sung,
Nor blessing sought, nor prayers.
No wonder then, that justice should
Assume a stern and angry mood,
And catching such rascals, at a pinch,
Should pass them red-handed to "Judge Lynch."

"I've ofttimes heard of Lydford law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after;
At first I wonder'd at it much,
But, since, I've found the matter such
That it deserves no laughter.

"They have a castle on a hill,
I took it for an old windmill,
The vanes blown off by weather;
To lie therein one night, 'tis guessed,
'Twere better to be ston'd and press'd,
Or hang'd, ere you come hither."

The foregoing stanzas were writ 'tis clear
By a contemporary of Shakespeare,
In the golden age, I trow:
The author a poet of local renown,
Of the "*ultra*" royal name of "*Brown*,"
Was a native of fair Tavistock town
Three hundred years ago.

If genius descended as an heirloom,
For modern bards there'd be little room,

How dire would be their fate !
But "Royalty" may, perhaps, incline,
When Tennyson shall cease to shine,
That "John Brown" shall, by right Divine,
Succeed as Laureate.

O! should this son of the heather and rock,
Seize the mantle of "Brown of Tavistock,"
How vividly the scene
Of these latter days would be portrayed,
And all the virtues be displayed
Of Majesty!—Widow, wife, and maid,
In "The Idylls of the Queen."

Shakespeare's sonnets! Spenser's lays!
And Tennyson's "idyllic craze,"
Bereft of their renown,
Must pale before the rising star
Of the Highlander from the land of Mar.
For they could ne'er be on a par
With "Poet Laureate Brown."

From Lydford Bridge our way pursuin'
Past Lydford Castle, an ancient ruin,



Rear'd in the early Norman time;
Then turn'd into "The Stannary Prison,"
Where the Stannary Court oft stretch'd the wizen
Of those accused of crime.

Judge Jeffreys' spirit, in sad unrest,
In guise of a black pig confest
Through the court-room doth glide;
Thence passing Lydford's ancient Church,
Which Ritualists do much "besmirch,"
We steer by Tavy's tide.

To Tavistock our steps incline,
Passing "Huel Friendship" copper mine,
Noted far and near.
To the Duke of Bedford, it is said,
Mining adventurers have paid,
As lords' dues, on the output made,
Ten thousand pounds a year.

O! wouldn't it be indeed, "tol lol!"
To take one year's toll of "The Devon Consol,"
As well as Huel Friendship,
And several other "Huels" around,

His Grace of Bedford's "hunting ground,"
Where such excellent "quarries" do abound;
With joy shouldn't I then skip.

Still a sensible man, if you quietly ax' him,
Will admit the truth of the ancient maxim,
 "The secret of bliss is content."

For riches take wings and fly away,
And, with them, the friends of a summer's day
Too often depart, for ever and aye,
 So soon as those riches are spent.

Then jogging through life contentedly,
What is the wealth of mines to me,
 The richest mines of Peru?
I'll sing, and laugh, and drive away care,
I've enough for my wants, and a little to spare,
Which it gives me pleasure freely to share
 With friends, who are honest and true.

Returning to Tavistock across the moor,
No trace appears of beauties seen before,
The eye ranging over undulating hills,
'Mongst which lie hid the glens and rills:

Thus travellers crossing this wild expanse
Pass lovely landscapes in ignorance.
The sun declining in the west,
By Tavy's stream we homeward prest ;
Tavistock reaching in time for dinner,
Sweet solace to a hungry sinner.

Thus of your heroes and brave boys,
Of whom "Old Homer" makes such noise,
The greatest nations I can find
Are those who did their work, and dined.
Critics will doubtless deem this "odd d'ye see?"
And rightly too, for it is no misnomer,
The idea being gathered from "*The Odyssey*"
Writ by a tourist of some note—Old Homer.
Then, let me, like "Old Homer," sometimes nod,
Nor yet deserve the keen eye'd critic's rod.
"Travellers see strange sights," 'tis said,
And strange things too perhaps they've read ;
Let critics rack their brains, to understand
The facts I've noted down off-hand.

Seven cities claim the honour
Of having given birth to Homer :



Who, living, from their gates they thrust
Denying the "blind bard" a crust,
As, painfully, from street to street
The wanderer went with toil-worn feet.
Homer dies !!! but Homer's ditties
Survive! whilst perish the seven cities,
Although they strove, as many have striven
By aid of others, to compass Heaven.
Still, still, the story runs the same,
Do you aspire to rank, or fame,
Or even good credit? you must first die,
Ere you gain notoriety.
What then is fame? An empty bubble!
Won with mickle toil and trouble.
But, better 'tis to toil than be inert and lazy,
As on life's path, you'll nearly every day see,
Thus, those who choose the lower level
Are tempted by the spirit of evil!
Work then, say I, and foil the devil!

Here let me quote a stanza from *Childe Harold*,
By Byron's muse so sweetly caroll'd!

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below,
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits
 led."

Up i' th' morn betimes, we mark the bounds
Of the ancient Abbey's ruins and grounds,
Where the jolly old monks were wont to dream,
And seek their Friday's meal in Tavy's stream,
Thus strolling by the stream, as crystal clear,
We see a salmon ladder near "The Weir,"
From which I'll confidently take my "davy"
That there be salmon in the river Tavy;
And like the monks, I deem it no great treason
To "*fast*" on salmon when in season.

The day broke gloriously, and the sun
The heights of Dartmoor glittered on;
So we decided without demur
To cross Dartmoor to Exeter.

'Tis rarely that the sunshine smiles
Throughout this drive of two and thirty miles ;
But we were fortunate to day,
'Twas fine and bright the whole of the way,
To be looked on almost in the light of a miracle,
Local weather-lore running in couplets satirical.

“The West wind comes and brings us rain,
The East wind blows it back again ;
The South wind brings us rainy weather,
The North wind cold and rain together.
When the sun in red doth set,
The next day surely will be wet,
But if the sun should set in grey,
The next will be a rainy day !
When buds the ash before the oak,
Then, that year, there'll be a soak ;
But should the oak precede the ash,
Then expect a rainy splash !”

Rising slowly, on our zigzag way
Tamar and Tavy's vales beneath us lay,
The town of Tavistock in the “fore,”
And in the “back” ground, Bodmin Moor.
Thus, as our pathway upward trends,

The panorama gradually extends,
'Till from the highest altitude
We the greater part of Cornwall view'd,
And lingering long on the topmost ridge,
At length descended to Merivale Bridge.

Our lonely road now stretches o'er
A wild expanse of barren moor,
Passing vast quarries on the way
And tow'ring Tors of granite gray.
Near Merivale Bridge we pause to view
Stone circle, pillar, cromlech, avenue,
Relics of that pre-historic day,
When Dartmoor owned the Druid's sway.

Leaving the "Whalley" we pass'd ⁴ "On-slow,"
But in our plans there was a "Bogle,"
For, holding no warrant, 'twas no go
Striving "Sir Roger Titchborne" to ogle,
Or rather, I should say, "Arthur Orton,"
Although the grumpy janitor we importune:
Until at length that Cerberus surly
Bids us "move on," in accents churlly—

So we depart from Prince Town Prison,
Lest by surly Cerberus we should be "seizin."

"The devil was in the best humour that day
That ever his worship was known to be in;
That's why he sent out his imps to play
Tricks many a Protestant Church within."
An extract, you'll not fail to see,
In the main from "The Legends of Ingoldsby,"
But I now proceed from my own private store
To give a tradition, ne'er published before.

"The ancient Legende of Dartmore."

Once on a time to Dartmoor—Le Diable's
Imps were sent to play at marbles;
And to judge from what we saw,
The careless imps dropp'd many a "taw."
Their number, too, was doubtless legion,
For "Tors" are numerous in this region;
And each "Tor" still bears the name
Of the young devil who dropp'd the same.
The orthography changed by lapse of time
Still harmonizing with the rhyme.

Of these Tors I'll note a few,

But many others rise in view.

Hound Tor! Hare Tor! Lynx Tor! Cocks' Tor!

Then come a brace—The Vixen! and the "Fox"
Tor!

Three ladies also figure on the scene:

Great Mis Tor! Little Mis Tor! and Bel Tor! all
serene

These joined the "vixen," and with anger burst,
Because "they could'nt have all the marbles, and
shoot first;"

And in these latter days we've similar details
On public platforms—from strong-minded females.
I'll name but one, of whom all stand in awe,
Amiable! angelic! artless! "Becker" Tor!

"There was war in Heaven! Satan fell!"
And there was war in t'other place as well;
The anxious sable parent, quelling the disorder
Which threaten'd to disgrace his order,
By turning each imp into a prison warder,
Thus ending that worst of wars call'd "civil:"
So Prince Town Prisoners pent up for evil
Are guarded by children of the Devil.

And if by looks their origin we gauge,
'Tis easy to trace their parentage.
This legend, gleaned from curious nooks,
Is truer than many writ in books,
For this wild, cheerless, gloomy region
Has warder devils quite a legion;
Of this fact if you've any doubt,
Go to the Prison Gate, as they pass out.
Mark their fell features, with malice tainted!
And frankly own—" *They're blacker than they're
painted!*"

How sweet the sentiment, by Pope exprest,
"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;"
But at Prince Town Prison think not hope to find:
"Who enters here, leaves hope behind."
And here we see, above the frowning portals,
Closing upon poor miserable mortals,
The motto—PARCERE SUBJECTIS,
Graven on granite, in Virgil's dialect is.
The Prison being used in former times
For "prisoners of war," whose only crimes
Were, that hard fate did them intern O
On Dartmoor, drear as Dante's dread "*Inferno.*"

Heroes, perchance ! these captives, ta'en in war :
Felons ! the prisoners now intern'd by law.

The Prison, like " Pandora's Box," is filled with
evil—

Nay, nay, my Muse ! don't be uncivil,
But, let us hope that " hope may yet abound "
For felons—*it in Pandora's Box was found.*
Of evils, their full share, they've surely got
'em ;
May they reform—and find "*Hope at the bottom.*"

Once on a time, within a holy fane,
Reared by Knights' Templars in King Stephen's
reign,
These lines I saw inscribed—and here inscribe
again :

" Look thou not for me when I am gone,
And be not farther wrought upon ;
Farewell all wishes, all debate,
All prayers for this cause, or for that !
Weep, if that aid thee ; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend :
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave

To fortitude without reprieve.”
How stern the sentiment, marked by deep
 dejection,
Which from this mural monument I quote;
But let me hope, upon mature reflection,
The following lines supply the antidote.

Memory ever fondly dwelleth
On the happy days of yore,
Methinks a ransom'd spirit telleth
Mourners *here* to weep no more :
Loved ones ! grieve not ! *I am only gone before !*

Life is short, uncertain, fleeting,
Eternity is ever near ;
Sweet the hope again of meeting
Those we held on earth so dear.
Sad partings, nevermore to fear !

Take no heed then for the morrow,
Bravely work while yet ye may ;
The darkest night of earthly sorrow
Heralds oft the brighter day,
Cheering the wanderer on his weary way !

Frail mortal ! by sorrows and by cares opprest,
Thy duty done ! to Mercy leave the rest.
“ Hope springs eternal in the human breast.”

Resuming our journey from Prince Town,
By a wild road across the down,
We reach “Two Bridges,” and thence onward press
Through a wild waste of wilderness.
A mile from Prince Town, winding round a hill
We see a carefully constructed rill,
Which engineering skill has wrought
To supply the town of Devonport ;
As Plymouth Leat supplies the sister town,
Brought by a brave old tar of great renown,
Sir Francis Drake ! from Sheepstor Down.

Since the last glimpse of Cornwall, we
Have scarcely seen, or bush, or tree,
But near Two Bridges, a mile north of the road,
Appears the “ weird-like ” Wistman’s Wood ;
A “ whisht ” old place ! a grove of gnarled oak trees,
And in the back ground wild “ Rowtor ” one sees,
Whose rugged outline, boldly shown,
Looks like a wild beast crouching on the down.

Near Post Bridge, as we journey on,
We see an ancient bridge of stone,
Cyclopean called, a work of Celtic art
On three rude piers, thrown o'er the river Dart.
Thence, winding on our upward way,
A noble prospect around us lay,
Steeped in the glorious sunlight—Sweet
Devon lay mapp'd beneath our feet.
Then, turning, we survey once more
The rugged beauties of Dartmoor :
Each Tor, and stretch of purple heather,
Resplendent in the glorious weather,
So wild, so grand, we gaze in awe ;
Dartmoor, farewell ! Farewell ! quaint Crockern
Tor !

Devonshire Stannary Parliament
Was formerly held on Crockerntor,
To which the Devon tanners bent
Their steps, as bound by ancient law.
Here meeting, as writers have rehearst,
Under the charter of Edward the First
And here the last gathering, I opine,
Was held in seventeen forty nine.



The ancient seats and table, of hewn stone,
Are ruthlessly destroyed ! all trace is gone.
An act of vandalism ! but I dinna'
Ken, whether to pity or condemn the sinner.

To Moreton Hampstead descending,
Sunshine and shadow blending,
A prospect, wide extending,
Lies stretching on before.
These chronicles veracious
Dub the scene "splendacious,"
As with appetites voracious,
We gain "The White Hart" door.

Shunning the slightest approach to mendacity
I adhere to my tale with the utmost tenacity ;
But I can't defend words like "dub" or "splen-
dacity,"
To Murray thus making amends
Critics of style may exclaim, Goodness gracious !
We never before heard rhymes so audacious ;
But, pray, Sir, go on ! 'twould be very vexatious
If here the narrative ends.

Of the landlord of "The White Hart" we desire
Another carriage and pair to hire,

But none can he supply.

So allowed two hours for bait and rest,
Our willing steeds then onward prest

To Exeter gallantly.

Thus whilst the landlady prepares our meal,
We forth to view the beauties steal,

Of this sequester'd region ;

Though in the town we but little see,
To excite our curiosity,

All around, nature's beauties are legion !

Hard by the churchyard gate we see

An ancient cross, 'neath an old elm tree,

Where, at the close of the summer day,

In olden times, lads and lasses gay,

Met to dance, right merrily,

And whisper low, 'neath "The Trysting Tree."

From my rough note, I quote this entry :

"Near by the Church is a field called 'Sentry.'

Here 'twas sweet to stand, like a 'sentinel,'

And gaze on the beauties of hill and dell.

"They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,

And mix in Milton's heavenly theme,"
Arcadian vallies ! rippling rills !
Towering tors ! and gorse-clad hills !
The latter, in the brilliant sunshine seen,
" Like gold embroidered on velvet green."

The angler, strolling by the stream,
Intent on salmon, trout, or bream,
First hooks his prey—then eyes it.
This, the tourist reverses by the way,
As, in search of the picturesque day by day,
He "eyes" each scene, then "flies" it.
But angler and tourist equally feel
Satisfaction in filling the "creel,"
And each, as a rule, without regret,
Secures all fish that comes to the "net,"
Great or small, without any gammon,
Whether it scenery be or salmon.

From Moreton Hampstead, on again,
Yielding to willing steeds the rein
Through narrow winding glens where flows The
Teign :
Downward we swiftly go, for full ten miles.

'Midst cascades, crags, dwarf oaks, and ferns—
meanwhiles,

In the far distant vale, South Devon smiles.

Arrived at Dunsford Bridge, we stay,

Backward to trace our winding way

Through the grand gorge of the romantic Teign,

Bounding the view Dartmoor is seen;—and rain,

Or gathering mists, begin to creep

Around each Tor and rocky steep.

From Dunsford Bridge we upward spur,

And from high ground view Exeter;

The river winding at our feet,

'Midst meadows green and landscapes sweet.

Downward once more our pathway trends—

The Exe is cross'd! our journey ends.

As toiling up the main streets, "High" and "Fore,"

The Queen's Hotel we reach once more,

From whence we started for North Devon's shore.

Up with the lark in the morn are we,

And away by first train to Salisbury,

Where having arrived at half-past ten,

We quickly sally forth again,

As tourists ought, nor rest content
Until we've seen that monument,
Which glory sheds o'er Salisbury Plain,
Famed Stonehenge—relic of the reign
Of Druids, in the days of yore :
As some maintain, as some ignore,
The latter giving to the Saxon era,
The credit of having been its rearer.
And to this view I certainly incline,
For reasons which are none of mine,
But rather of sages, who've employed their pen on,
The earliest records of "mortise and tenon."
From whose research, it generally thought is,
The Romans invented "tenon and mortise."
Which were employed, 'tis said, to unite
Compact and firm, these stones of might.
This art the Druids did not understand,
When cruelly they ruled the land ;
And thus, 'tis held, these stones of might
Ne'er knew the Druid's mystic rite.
A temple reared in Saxon times
Is the idea I cling to, in these rhymes :
The earliest notice of Stonehenge is given thus
In the ninth century by Nennius,

“Vortigern here held a tryst,
Surrounded by his nobles—with Hengist,
Who aided by Horsa treacherously slew
Four hundred and sixty British nobles true;
And Vortigern, their fate being powerless to avenge,
To their immortal memory raised Stonehenge.”

Passing through Amesbury, we gain
A full view of the open plain,
And gazing o'er the wide expanse
We “*something*” see, in mid distance.
Can that be Stonehenge? Surely not!
Those few grey stones! on that desolate spot!
Yet—Stonehenge 'tis, undoubtedly!
Which we've traversed so many miles to see.
And as upon the scene we gaze,
A shade of disappointment plays
Across our faces! but when we gain the spot
This first impression is at once forgot.
For pacing round the circle, silently and slow,
An awestruck feeling seems to grow,
And Stonehenge looms upon the sense
As we mark well the stones immense,
Reared in the long forgotten past,

And destin'd through all time to last,
If spared by Vandal, and "Iconoclast."

A sepulchre of British Kings, hard by,
And numerous barrows meet the eye;
But, sad to state, this historic plain
Is desecrated by the "greed of gain."
The hostile plough turning the sod
O'er which these buried heroes trod;
And as my last gaze on Stonehenge I cast,
I chide, both Vandal and Iconoclast.

To seek in doggerel rhyme to paraphrase
The song of—"The son of the winged days,"
Would be a sad profanity
Of which I cannot guilty be.
Mark yon barrow! that high and mossy 'un!
And gazing, listen to the strains of Ossian!

———"Thus Shilrick sings!
"If fall I must in the field, raise high
My grave, Vinvela. Gray stones and heaped up
Earth, shall mark me to future times.
When the hunter shall sit by the mound,

And eat his food at noon, 'Some warrior sleeps here,'
He will say ; and my fame shall live in his praise :
Remember me, Vinvela, when low on earth I lie !”

Salisbury Cathedral, and “ Old Sarum,”* having seen,
To London we proceed at e'en ;
And, the next morning, northward steer,
For the pleasant haven of Hertfordshire—
And, rounding to, with slacken'd sail,
Cast anchor in—“ The Valley of Ringtale.”

Brave tars, returning to their native shore,
Their duty done, in enterprise or war,
Renew their peaceful avocation,
'Till war or enterprise uprouse the nation :
Then, once again, her sons, called forth,
Old England's rights maintain throughout the
earth ;

And thus the tourist, his explorations o'er,
Enjoys the comfort of his home once more.
Truly enjoys it ! for they who roam
Can honestly say—“ there is no place like home.”
Yet, once again, braving the threat'ning gale,
The “ Doggerel Ditty ” may, perchance, set sail,

“The Log” once more record its plain “unvarnish’d tale.”

So many tourists ! so many notions !
To “*table d’hôte*” some pay their sole devotions,
Whilst *others* nought so much beguiles
As compassing daily many miles
At railway speed—proof ’gainst the wiles
Of Nature’s beauties, frowns, or smiles ;
In fact, they scarce can tell if there be any
Although they’ve travelled miles a many.
Others, again, wrapp’d in their class proprieties,
Disdainful glances cast from haughty eyes
On honest folks who chance to be
Placed ’twixt the wind and their nobility ;
Whether appearing in whiskers, or in wimples,
Such simpletons should be “cut for the simples.”
Aunt Mary ! we meet too, with nieces to sell,
And sedate Oxford students, who attend on each
belle :
The young ladies prefer the “outside” of the coach,
To enjoy the scenery, “*sans peur, sans reproche*,”
Whilst Aunt travels “inside”—the “artless” old dove
Oblivious quite of flirtations above.

Staid folks in broadcloth, or in silk attire,
Who to the "dignity of dullness" oft aspire,
Recoil with horror from satire!
And many a sapient "son of a gun"
Recoils with equal horror from a "pun:"
Maybe, because he ne'er made one!
Whilst Ritualists! who deserve no quarter!
Like "truth," as "the devil likes holy water."
The rope is "*round their necks,*" and presently will
be "*tauter,*"

The "Public Worship Act"—their priests inhibiting,
Acts as a kind of moral gibbeting,
And, doomed by the decision of "Penzance,"
Already some on nothing dance,
Whilst honest folks, in country and in town,
Seeing the "*traitors*" swing, and then "*cut down,*"
Will surely at their fate make merry all
And then proceed to give them "*proper burial*"—
Such obsequies as best befit
Traitor! Sneak! and Jesuit!

Lord Penzance, as a dentist, his duty has done,
And brilliantly too! dentist never an one
Having been able—as I've heard of as yet—

To extract an "*eye tooth*" from out a "*false set*."
The patient ejaculates meekly! *O Law!!!*
And to Horsemonger Lane goes—"holding his jaw."
Now should there be any more "*high teeth*" at
 "*Hatcham*,"
Or elsewhere, "*Lord Penzance*" will assuredly
 "*snatch 'em*,"
And the "*false set*," no longer "*intact*," will "by
 gum"
Be dull as ditch water, and like dead dogs dumb.

Should "*High Tooth*" aspire to the rank of a
 "*martyr*,"
Let him think of the "*eye tooth*" encountering
 "*tartar*,"
Which often drops out from the said tartar's action,
Without the expense or plague of extraction.
Then to Rome let "*Tooth*" go, where at sight of a
 cowl,
He'll doubtless revive, and, as *whipt curs* will,
 "*howl!*"
Then humbly, and meekly, "*as curs do*" you know,
He'll "*crouch in the dust*"—and "*kiss the Pope's*
 toe."

"*Heave offering*" he's had from the law he offends;
Thus "*High Tooth*" may taste "*the toe*" at both
ends.

At Medina, Mahomet's lifeless clay
Floats in mid air, his disciples say,
'Twixt heaven and earth suspended.
"Here" let Tooth "*go hang*" 'twixt a kick and a kiss,
Checkmated! condemned! "in extremis."
A suitable fate for such perverts I wis,
Who Romeward their way have wended.
But when Tooth is "*translated*," 'tis proper to
mention
That, unlike Mahomet, "*there will be no suspension*;"
Though possibly he may share the lot
Of the "*traitor*"—Judas Iscariot.

Ingoldsby advises—the cautious old coon—
"*Who sups with the Devil should use a long spoon.*"
And this sensible adage keeping in view,
I give a "*wide berth*" to all of "*Tooth's crew*,"
Wishing "The Brotherhood of The Holy Cross"
Joy of their manual, "The Priest in Absolution."
But shunning their "*society*" of course,



As one would shun the plague, or worse pollution :
For worse there is, for "*honest people*" to shun,
The "*sensual suggestions*" of the "*prurient priest*,"
And thus I place a mark "*upon the beast*,"
That all who read may shun perforce
"The Brotherhood of The Holy Cross."
Black sheep—disgracing their profession !
Polluting purity—in auricular confession !
Devils incarnate—a much too mild expression !

Different people have different opinions—
Some likes apples, some likes "*inguns*,"
Whilst "*some compound for sins they feel inclin'd to*,
By condemning those they have no mind to."
And thus I end this wordy war
With couplet cull'd from "*Hudibras*."
But, ere I sheath my trenchant blade !
Ere I aside my pen have laid !
One final stanza is essayed.

As on life's tour his way he takes,
The thoughtful traveller his pleasure makes
Daily to gather untiringly
The "*Harvest of the quiet eye*."

Thus, during existence, as on a "tour,"
A daily charm to life is lent,
And, at its close—"Excelsior!"
"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer!"

Epilogue.

Cornwall! thy rugged coasts! thy raging seas!
Thy legends weird! the witcheries
Of the sweet river scenes which here I see
On memory are graved indelibly.
And, as my footsteps homeward stray,
I fain would linger on the way;
Regretting from my inmost heart
Stern fate decrees that we must part.

My thoughts will range in future days
O'er the wild paths—the pleasant ways—
Which erst my wandering feet have prest
In these wild regions of the west;
As on my ear, now and agen,
Resounds the "Song of the Western Men,"
That miser, Memory, will recall
Full many a ballad of Cornwall.

Full many a lay from Devon's distant dales
Will come, like music, wafted on the gales,
Telling how "Sons of Devon" fought and fell
In the good cause they loved so well—
The hapless cause of Charles the First;
When 'gainst him Cromwell's fury burst,
Charles had no stauncher friends in all the land
Than "Grenville" of Stow, and his gallant band.

In sixteen forty three, historians tell
"Sir Beville" at Lansdowne fought and fell—
Then sounded Charles's funeral knell.

* * * * *

The midnight lamp is dim—Land of the West!
Farewell!

